

Nineteen hundred ninety one



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1991



The  
Halifax Grammar School  
presents  
the thirty-first edition  
of  
the Grammarians  
1991

# Dedication

This year's GRAMMARIAN is dedicated to a very special teacher, Mrs. Nancy Scobbie, who has spent many years teaching mathematics and fencing and looking after the library.

Thank you, Mrs. Scobbie, for your commitment to the school.

# Headmaster's Message



## Message from the Headmaster

As the Grammarian editors create the 1990/91 yearbook, the spirit of HGS will be captured, mostly in photographic form through a mosaic of formal and candid shots.

However, the HGS mission statement refers to the HGS education as challenging and rigorous academic education in preparation for further studies at the University level. We cannot photograph the learning process. A stimulating discussion in the history room, the pleasure of solving a complex mathematical problem or the excitement over the first steps in written communication in Primary must go unrecorded.

As my contribution to the yearbook, I am encouraging our readers to value this record of HGS to fill the end pages with signatures and to look forward to a trip down memory lane twenty years from now. Also, take time to enjoy the literary contributions in this yearbook, but be conscious that this is only a very small reflection of the intellectual strengths of our students.

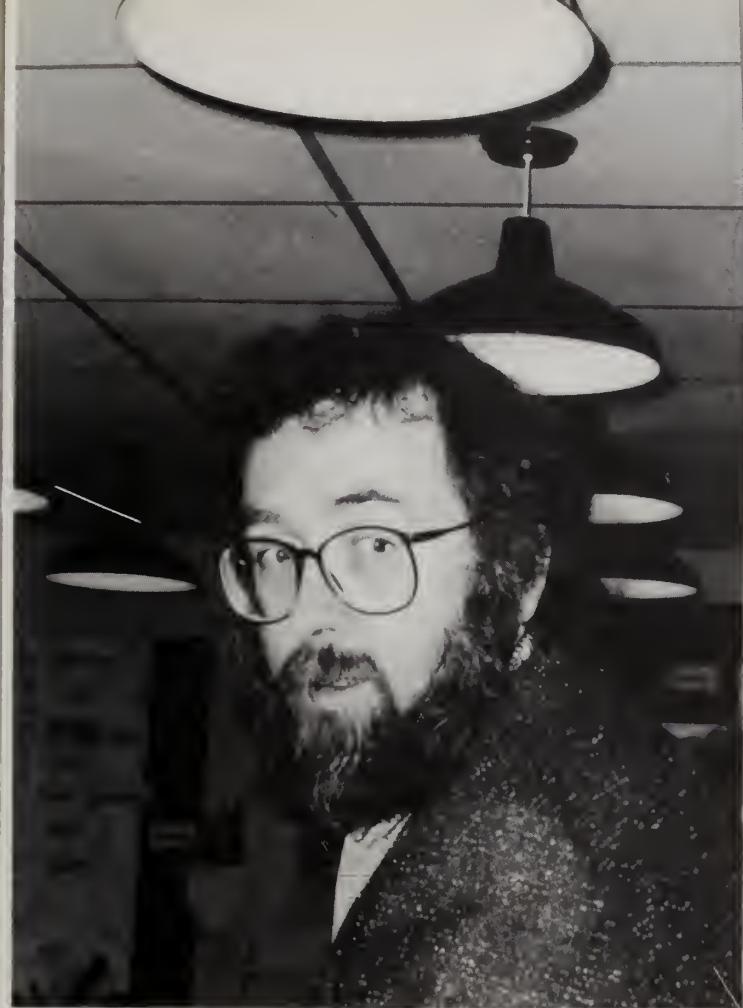
I recognize that the value of the HGS education lies behind the scenes where the rehearsals are taking place unrecorded. Year by year, you, the students, are growing intellectually, sharing with your teachers many joys and frustrations, always offstage, sometimes unrecognized, but never without progress. You will be on stage later in life, and the true value of all the rehearsal time will be evident.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '91, and many thanks to the Grammarian editors for their valuable contribution to the life of the school.

Robin A.L. Hinnell  
Headmaster

# Faculty







# Secretaries



To the Graduates ...

Maggie, Paul, Sarah, Julia, Emmy, Renee, Jane, Ashton, Andy, Sean, Derek, Adam, Andrew and Paul (a very special class of students), we wish happiness and success with your future plans.

We'll miss you all!

# Upper School





## Lower School



# Graduates



Margaret Lois Arnold

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
but I have promises to keep,  
and miles to go before I sleep,  
and miles to go before I sleep."

-Robert Frost

Maggie is this year's school bully. She is very good at her job. Having learned self-defense from channel 10, she rivals Andrew as a master of Karate. She also rivals Paul Simms as a master of history essays. Maggie is the proud owner not only of her driver's license, but also her artistic license. She has come first in all Cross-Country Runs since her arrival at HGS in grade 7 (!), and owns the most fabulous collection of hats this side of Albania. This year Maggie is the very spirited and much appreciated spirit leader of Acadia. She even has red sneakers to match her house shirt. Maggie was editor of last year's yearbook, though nowhere in it can I find acknowledgement of this. She aspires to be a grade three teacher just like Mrs. Buley, and thinks that she might eventually decide on a university to go to next year. I'd say good luck in your future, Maggie, but I'm still made at you for beating me up and stealing my lunch money.

Maggie Arnold

Paul Firth Baskett

"Only dull people are brilliant at breakfast."  
-Oscar Wilde

Paul is one of the busiest members of our class, although it never seems that way. Having already finished Bio, he has taken on the impossible task of completing Chem, Fizz (That other science), and Art this year, while at the same time acting as President of Student Council. Paul is a prominent member of all our school teams, and we're sure Mr. Evans will have a hard time without him next year. Pablo will be remembered for his frequent use of his RNSYS belt with his brother's baggy jeans. He proved himself on the canoe trip to be a tagging master. Paul and the aforementioned jeans may take themselves to U of T to join said brother next year. Good luck in whatever you do and happy holidays, Bros.



Paul Baskett



Sarah Louise Baxter

"With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves, let me forget about today until tomorrow."

-Bob Dylan

Since coming to the Grammar School at the start of grade eleven, Sarah has enriched our class with innumerable quotations from Indigo Girls and her favorite poets. Well, at least she enriches Maggie. You'll never find Sarah without her fried egg, and what is life without 50 million or so raisins? Sarah's talents in English composition, four languages, and now art, have secured her academic position in the class. We think that she has managed to complete every assignment, even when they got in the way of the rest of her life. Miss Baxter has before her a lengthy list of possible universities to attend, and we are sure she will succeed wherever she goes, whether she chooses to join her best friend Sal at Mount A, or journey forth to the plains of Alberta. May the force be with you as you ride your trusty zebra into the sunset, Dirk. Go ahead you.

*Sarah Baxter*

Julia Carroll

"It's all been a gorgeous mistake."

-Sinead O'Connor

Since coming to HGS in the tenth grade, Julia has definitely made her mark with a new car every week. Because of her car accidents, which have been few and far between (!), she has occasionally been the subject of cruel traffic jokes. We must admit that we have all made fun of our lovely Julia at some time or another, whether it be in a cold swimming pool or at dance clubs in Montreal. All this doesn't change the fact that we love her dearly and we hope that she hasn't taken any of it seriously. (But now it's much cooler now because now I'm writing in purple.) Jules is treasurer of the Student Council, and works very hard to put some spirit into the Upper School. She's also on the volleyball team and intends to help direct a school play. Despite a tendency towards procrastination and a habit of arriving late for first class every morning (her late slips and Sarah's destroyed a small forest), she manages to get most of her work done. In the summer the most likely place to find Julia is sailing in Chester. As for life after HGS, who knows? Maybe Medicine, but she has to make lots of money. Wherever she goes she'll be drinking ice coffee and anything peach. Cheers, Jules, and don't forget to always POYB!



*Julia Carroll*

忍一時，風平浪靜  
退一步，海闊天空

Emmy Suk Ho Choi

Emmy is a very nice person whose binders of notes could become textbooks for all of next year's courses. She lives on her own, possesses a snazzy wardrobe, has her very own car with a cellular phone, and is secretly a corporate leader from Toronto. The supremacy of Eastern education is proved in Emmy, whose remarkable faculty for Algebra, Calculus and Physics will take her far in her chosen fields of computer science and accounting. We are indebted to Emmy, both for her help with those nasty III problems, and for teaching us all to write our names in Chinese. Good luck at the University of Toronto, Emmy, and don't forget your friends from Halifax.



Emmy Choi

Renée Elizabeth Foy

"J'ai étudié la magique étude du bonheur que n'élude."  
-Rimbaud

Renée is a nice girl from Ontario. Since joining us last year she has stunned students and teachers alike with her seemingly endless collection of earrings and her flawless French accent. After graduation, we hope that Renée will have a chance to breathe a little, after a year of choir, band, youth group, and her job at Lawton's drug store, not to mention school. Renée also plays volleyball, and she is very good at it. Golly, what a well-rounded person! This year, as well as coming on our class trip to Europe, she plans to go to England with her band, and to Holland with her choir. This überchick eventually plans to a Bio-physics program and do laser research. My goodness! All the best in your future, Renée.



Reneé Foy



Jane Rowena Gould

"I don't like people who own dogs. They don't have enough nerve to bite people themselves."

-Anonymous

Jane is bubbly, like Champagne. Jane is athletic, like an athlete. The sound of her infectious laughter will be sorely missed in the halls and classrooms of HGS, as she departs next year to pursue her academic interests at a Canadian university which will definitely include cows on campus, and a women's ice hockey team. On behalf of the classes of upper five and six, we would like to thank Jane for her initiative in talking Mrs. Aterman and Miss Silver into their second Europe trip. Jane will be remembered for her invaluable work as President of Student Council last year, for her membership in Amnesty International, and her contribution to all School Teams, as well as for maintaining a lot of hair on her head without too many complaints. We have faith that you and your Bierdeckel will succeed in anything you do, Dirk.

*Jane Gould*

#### Christina Ashton Horne

Ashton, known to her friends as Crash, is one of the most well-travelled members of our class. She's hiked all over the southern States, been to Alaska, and spent three months last summer in a castle in Austria. She is also extremely resourceful, and can build houses, make a fire in ten seconds, and cook tasty food in sub-zero temperatures. Crash is beloved by all, in spite of her faulty legs. She loves Oreos, Wheat Thins, and movies and books about cowboys. Crash is a silent yet powerful member of our volleyball team. She has maintained an admirable academic record in her seven years at HGS, in spite of a quite staggering number of "sick" days, and she hopes to continue her education somewhere other than here. All the best luck!



*C. Ashton Horne*



Andy Kim

"Nah Na Nah Na Poo Poo"  
-Descendants  
"I'm not even going to tell you."  
-Sarah Baxter

Reverend Kim came to the Grammar School in grade two from de Islands, mon. He enjoyed grade two very much. Hmm. Now in grade twelve, reflecting back, he says that he has not contributed to the school. We know that this is not true, as we have all witnessed his animated participation in all classes. Andy, however, insists that he is the one who messed up the classrooms and broke all the chalk. We wish him all the best in his future endeavors. Good luck at MIT, he always says. Hey, like, you always say that, don't you, Andy?

Andy Kim

Sean Conrad Kirby

"The one promise time makes us is change; in time we will have our day."

Sean is quite the Renaissance man. So we will define the Renaissance man with reference to Sean. Sean displays the essential quality of the Renaissance man, which is sprezzatura, or effortless superiority (But we know how many hours he really spends in front of the mirror every morning combing his curly wig). Like any sixteenth-century man, he devotes a great deal of time to the study of music. He also enjoys art and literature, preferably favorable Tetrus reviews. He has tremendous respect for authority figures, and we know he took Physics once. Sean's intellectual abilities and natural social grace would make him right at home in the court of Queen Elizabeth I, which is where he might end up if he doesn't go to Dal. Good luck, Sean, and have fun. Love, Sarah and Maggie.

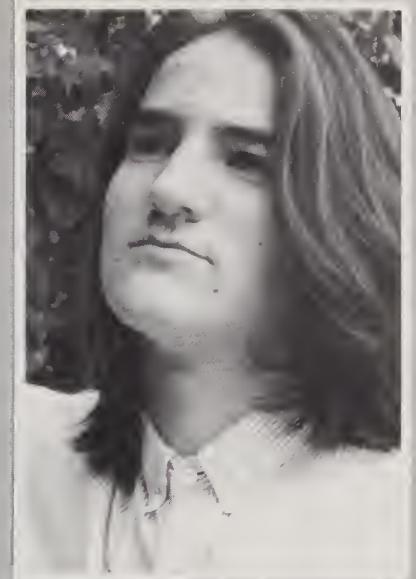


SEAN

## Derek Trevor Linzey

"Everybody got mixed feelings  
About the function and the form  
Everybody got to elevate from the norm"  
-Rush

Derek is the best. He wears the best clothes and says the best things. Sometimes. He owns a three pound tinfoil bike. Or so he tells us. He can always be counted on to say what's on his mind, usually before he thinks about it. He has been a yearbook photographer, and appears to be very concerned with the environment and the well-being of the school. Derek has travelled the country from the Yukon to Kelowna, B.C.; from Ottawa to HGS, where he has joyfully embraced all aspects of school life since grade eight. Derek is planning to graduate from high school, and possibly continue his education at the beautiful campus of Acadia University. But then again possibly not. In any case, see you on those gay roller skis, my boy.



*Derek Linzey*



Adam B. McKenzie

"In a bed, in a bed, by the waterside I will lay my head,  
Listen to the river sing sweet songs  
To rock my soul."

-Grateful Dead

Adam is well known for his hair, his artistic abilities, and his talent in the areas of skiing, Aikido-ing, and guitar-ing. His continuing struggle against the evils of Physics and Calculus has been valiant, and certainly character-building. Some of Adam's more memorable achievements in his two years at HGS include actually completing an art project, listening to that James Taylor record more times than we can count, and espying several African Spider Monkeys in Avocado season. We wish you all the best at whatever fun and relaxed art college you choose to attend, and watch out for that monogamous pink flamingo.

P.S. - The plastic surgery turned out great, Bros. "We have pots".

*Adam McKenzie*

"You don't have to believe everything you think."

-Atisa

Just who does this Andrew chap think he is, anyway?!

He is smart enough to be able to skip grade eleven completely and still come back ahead of us all. He tends not to pay attention in math, which gets annoying when he beats the rest of the class on the test. Andrew has been a fountain of bad jokes ever since grade one. His rather peculiar sense of humor, combined with his persuasive karate skills, have earned him many friends in our class. During our Physics classes, Andrew prefers to teach himself Asian languages with flash cards. He has a haircut like the upturned root of a Mango tree, by the way. Good luck, and when you reach total enlightenment, save some of your Nobel Prize money for us little people.



*HGS*

Paul Hubert Simms

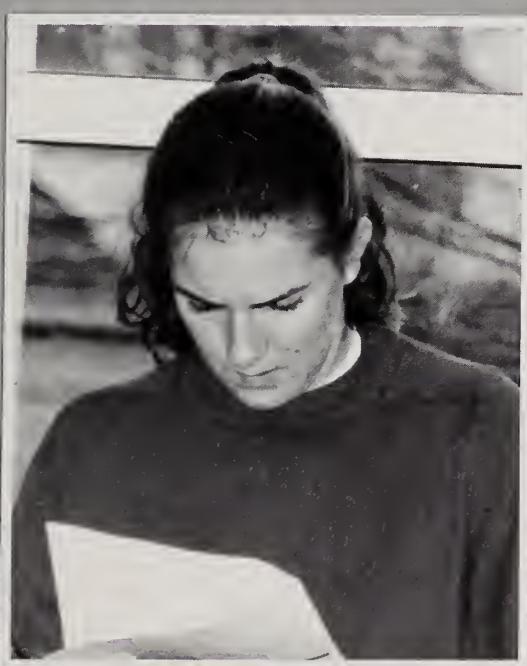
"I have so many things to do that I'm going to bed!"

-The HGS student

I walked into the gym one day and Paul was viciously impaling yet another unlucky opponent with his deadly foil. I walked into History the next day (late), and Mrs. Aterman was reading to us another of Paul's 95% essays. I walked into the common room at lunch and Paul was explaining physics to befuddled students while eating a crumbling sandwich. As you may have gathered, Paul Simms is a founding member of the intelligentsia of our class. Paul is not, however, one of your nerdy bookish types. He runs enthusiastically and is a veritable Stonewall Jackson of volleyball blockers. Paul's future plans include McGill, the national Elite fencing circuit, and a possible career. Good luck, Paul, and don't ever forget your teef!



*Paul Simms*







Prep School

# Primary



TOP: Will Mushkat  
RIGHT: Ben Kynock, Nandy Okraku.



RIGHT: Jocelyn Ewing, Ryan Marr.  
BOTTOM LEFT: Will Mushkat  
BOTTOM RIGHT: Christoph Barrow,  
Almira Hussain.



LEFT: Ryan Marr, Robin Blatch.



BELOW: Jonah Snyder, Lauren Billard, Tessa Smith.

BOTTOM LEFT: Gordon Landrigan, Robin Blatch.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Peter Campbell, Justin Ramanauskas, Julia Fee, Walt Muschenheim.



# Prep 1



ABOVE: Sara Zatzman.  
RIGHT: Laura Taylor, Sophie Fairclough, Nicole Saunders.



Jenny Macdonald

Sophie Fairclough  
Laura Taylor



LEFT: Almira Hussain (Primary), Kristin Wheatley, Jenny Macdonald, Teresa Nessel.



LEFT: Daniel Abato, Sara Zatzman, Jonathan Langlois-Sadubin.  
BOTTOM LEFT: Nicole Saunders, Sara Zatzman.  
BOTTOM RIGHT: Kristin Wheatley, Teresa Nessel.



# Prep 2



BELOW: Alexander Kitz, Ian Campbell, Matthew Blades.

LOWER RIGHT: Adam Conter, James Houlton, Andy Norman, David Barrow.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Julie Lawrence, Taylor Cameron, Maia von Maltzahn.





TOP LEFT: Drew McKenna, Stevie Brooks, Monty McKeever, Jonathan Kynock, Mahmood Hussain.  
FAR LEFT: Gregory Loeke, James Houlton, Paul Radchuck, Ian Wilson.  
LEFT: Paul Radchuck.  
LOWER LEFT: Ryrie Vandewater, Richard Roda, Joshua Rozovsky, Robert Liston.



# Prep 3



RIGHT: Tristam Taylor, Jamie Gregor.  
FAR RIGHT: Charlie Underwood.



ABOVE: Michael Smith

ABOVE CENTER: Jonathan Zhuang.

ABOVE RIGHT: Tressa Leblanc.

RIGHT: Kathryn Franklin, Darah Gaum,  
Ashleigh McKenna, Alexis Green

FAR RIGHT: Tristam Taylor

LOWER RIGHT: Jamie Gregor, Emily  
Ramanaukas, Michelle McCrea, Ashleigh  
McKenna



LEFT: Jeremy Ewing  
RIGHT: Marc Beauchamp



ABOVE: Jamie Gregor  
ABOVE LEFT: Adam Digby  
LEFT: Quynn Morehouse, Lizzie Dodds.

# Prep 4

## The Dragon

In the cave, not far from here,  
There is a snarling and a growling,  
In the night you hear the heavy  
beating of wings and the dark shadow.  
By morning it returns to its cave.  
Then the snarling and the growling begins again.

-Sarah Blatch



TOP RIGHT: Sarah Blatch, Tamar Altschuler.  
RIGHT: Lauren Abrahams, Tamar Altschuler.  
BELOW: (BACK ROW): Laura Gray, Alexa Smith, Lauren Abrahams, Tamar Altschuler, Jessica Burnstein, Ashley Seaman, Sarah Blatch, Thomas Brooks, Ricky Norman, Jamie Reid.  
FRONT ROW: James Perry, Lewis Wolff, Billy Mastrapas, Robin MacLachlan, James Wolff, Michael Degrasse, Robert Paterson, Joshua Smith.





LEFT: Alexa Smith, Sarah Blatch, Ashley Seaman, Laura Gray, Tamar Altschuler, Jessica Burnstein, Lauren Abrahams, Jennifer Wheatley.

BELOW: Robin MacLachlan, James Perry, James Wolff, Jenifer Wheatley, Laura Gray, Joshua Smith, Robert Paterson, Lewis Wolff, Tamar Altschuler, Sarah Blatch, Lauren Abrahams.



### The Underworld

I walked along in the soggy mud with leaves brushing against my ankles. I saw black and yellow stripes disappear into the mist. Something touched my shoulder in a curious way but when I turned around nothing was there but the unfriendly mist. So I began my journey once more, this time more uncertain than before but then again I felt the touch run down my back. So I stopped, afraid to breathe for I might scare this creature away so I turned very slowly. You could barely see my movement and then I saw it dashing behind a bush. It had brown hair and very big eyes and that was all I ever saw of it. Many secrets hide in the deep swamps of the underworld.

I guess I just met my first one.

-Jennifer Wheatley

# Prep 5



RIGHT: Jennifer Oliver, Kenzie Macdonald, Fiona Liston, Charlotte Osler.

BELOW: Fiona Liston

LOWER RIGHT: Charlotte Osler, Meg Pooley.



RIGHT: Andrew Muncaster, Zavin Nazaretian, Thomas Chamagne, John Beauchamp.





ABOVE LEFT: Toby Stoltz, Evan Petley-Jones, Stuart Chandler-Smith.

ABOVE: John Beauchamp, Matthew Brannon, Evan Petley-Jones, Andrew Muncaster.

LEFT: Meg Pooley, Charlotte Osler, Lisa Fentress, Anna Finlayson.

LOWER LEFT: Peter Hunter

BELLOW: Joshua Ewing, Geoffrey Williams.



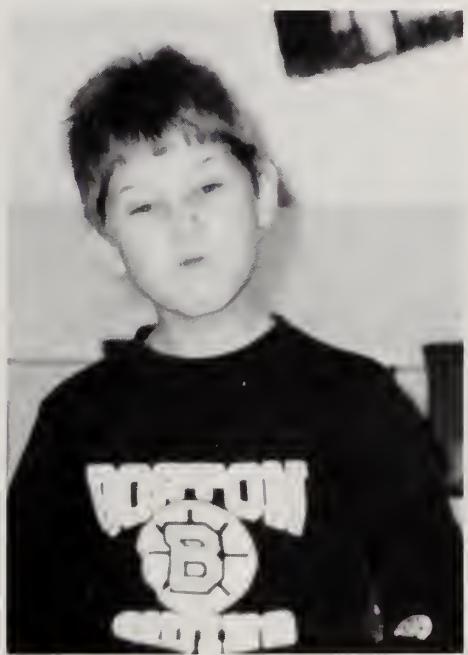
# Prep 6





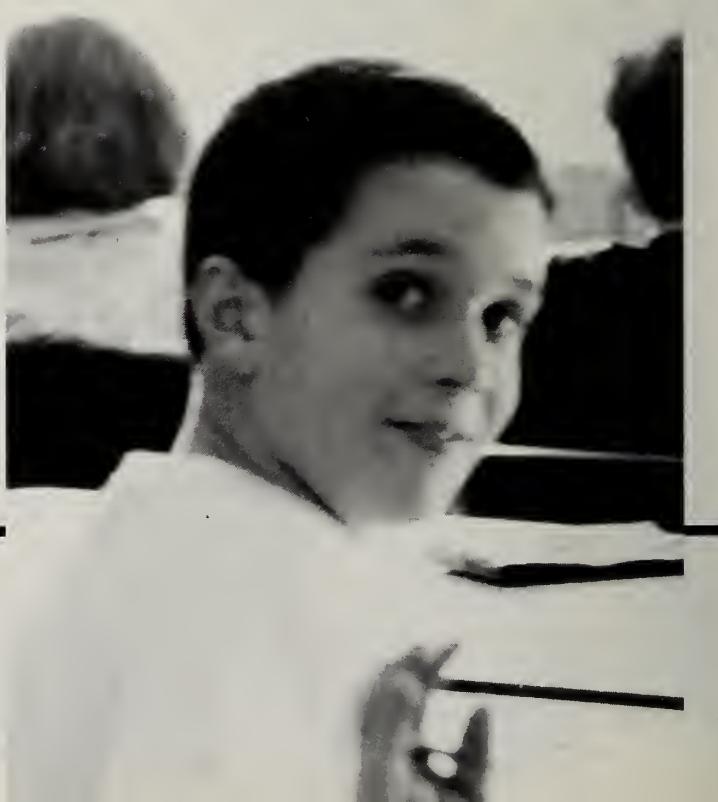
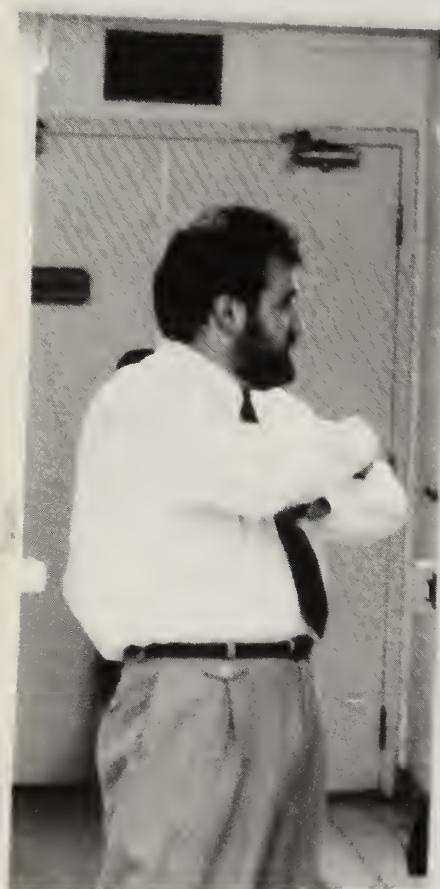
ABOVE LEFT: Jennifer Chetwynd  
ABOVE RIGHT: Erika Wilson, Alicia Miller, Bethany Lander, Sara Bercholz.  
FAR LEFT: Peter Lawrence, Daniel Franklin.  
LEFT: Rushmi Malaviarachchi  
LOWER LEFT: Laura Godsoe  
LOWER RIGHT: Kevin Moore, Conor Seabrook.

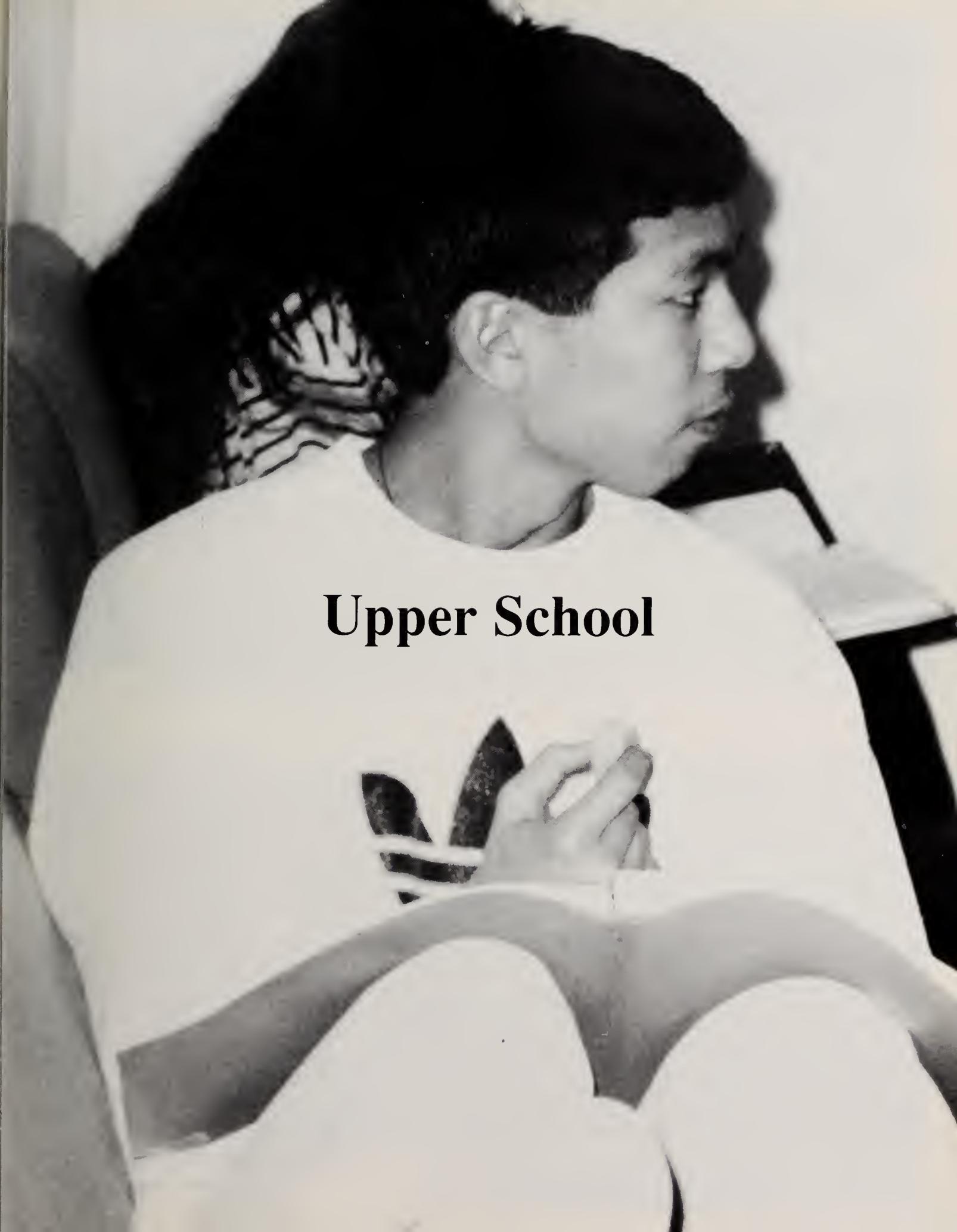












# Upper School

# Upper 1



Navreet Singh



Claire Hinnell



Jennifer Bryant



Jason Snyder, Iain Finlayson, Peter Bran-  
non, Robbie Cameron.



Julie Henderson, Aylin Alemdar, Sarah  
Fentress.



Elizabeth Cowie



Alice MacLachlan, Adrian Neumann, Julie Chamagne.



Ryan Blades, Jason Snyder, Ben Lander.



Jennifer DeGrasse, Navreet Singh

LEFT TO RIGHT: Alexander Wilson, Joanna Trager, Chris Coxon, Mara Green, Billy Nikolaou, Ben Lander, Georgina Mastrapas, Marcy Laing.



# Upper



Sarah Bryant



Brad McCallum, William Landymore, Ben Alexander, Martha Lawrence.



Janet Cooper, Martha Lawrence.



Hannah Blades, Kerry Kindred.



Christina Lee, Eriskay Liston, Molly Grindley, Irene Zouros.



Jennifer Aldrich, Christina Lee.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Ben Alexander, William Landymore, David Pink, Andrew Barker, Mete Erdogen, Andrew McFarlane.

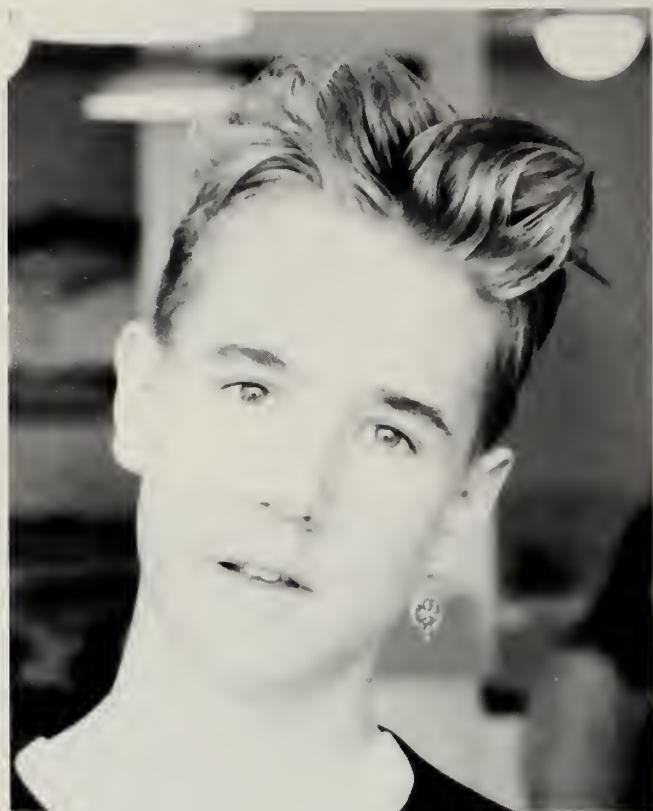


Catherine McDougall



LEFT TO RIGHT: Noel Belcourt, Brad McCallum, Craig Silverman, Michael Tucker, Mark Terrio Cameron, Matthew Brooks.

# Upper 3



Sjoerd Borst



Harold Roscoe, Jamie Stoltz, Nat Pearre, James Dodds.



Nat Pearre, Jessica Paterson, Tova Rosenberg, Emma Penick, Nicki Porter, Tina Piper, Anne Totten, Harold Roscoe.



Jessica Linzey



LEFT TO RIGHT: Duncan Cowie, Willie Grover, Ata Erdogen, Giles Oland, Mrs. Meinertzhage.



Mary Kate Arnold, Tova Rosenberg.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Tova Rosenberg, Jessica Linzey, Lizzie Oore, Martha Casey.



Giles Oland

# Upper 4



Kerry Alemdar



Kirsten Flinn, Bessy Nikolaou.



Heather MacKenzie



Lesley Jackson, Tricia Joyce, Derek Linzey, Kate Grindley.



Craig Cartmill



Graham Aldrich, Martin Ma.



Stacey Godsoe



Karim Mukhida



Brent MacDonald



Andrew Hinnell



Stephen O'Dor



Wendy Carter



James Liston, Joachim Steffen.

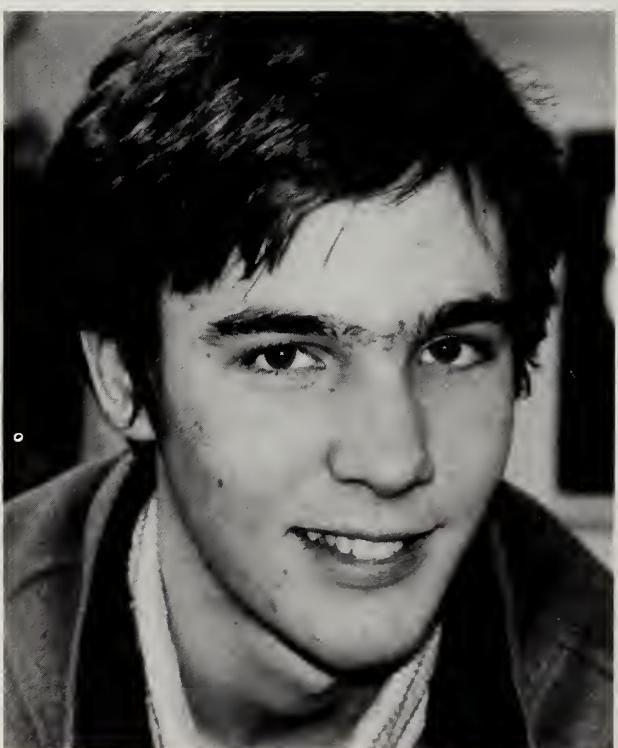
# Upper 5



David Keefe



Anne Wylie Roberts



Ben Pearre



David Brooks, Michael Royal.



Amy Paterson



Adrian Cameron

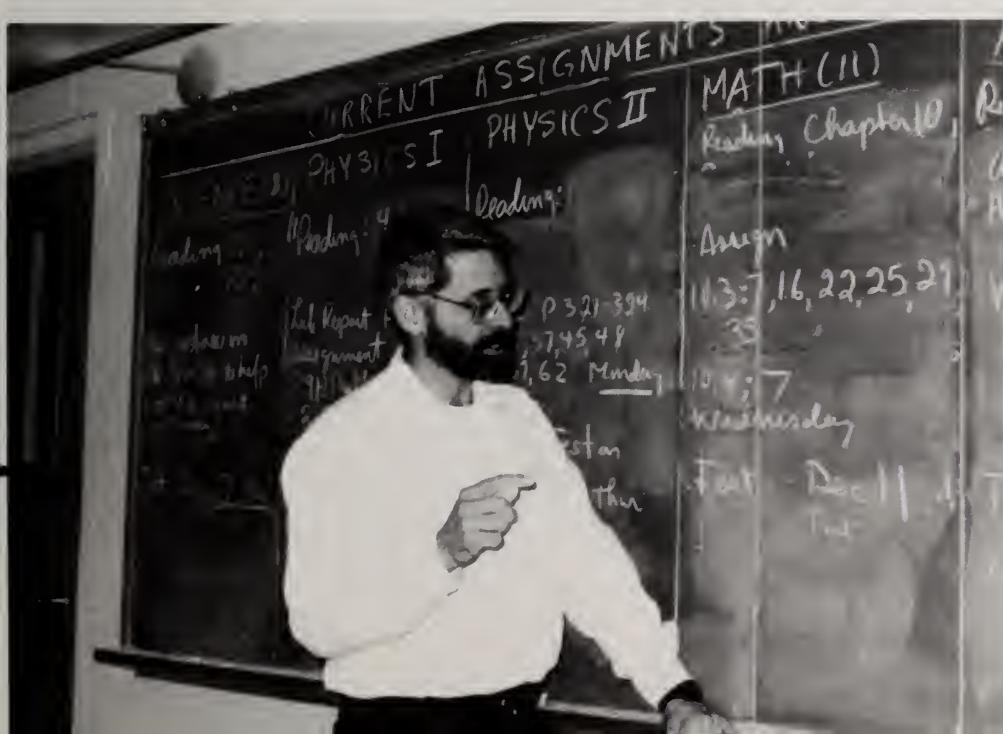


Pathum Malaviarachchi, Trevor Greenwood, Antony Widjaja.



Tammy Attia









I  
SCHÖN!  
SCHEIB!  
zwei mal!  
KNOW.  
.





Clubs

# Student Council



BACK ROW: Ben Alexander, Adrian Cameron, David Keefe.

FRONT ROW: Giles Oland, Harold Roscoe, Kirsten Flinn, Bessy Nickalou, Julia Carrol, Derek Linzey, Paul Basket.

This year has proven to be a very successful one for our student council. The introduction of some new council activities have been met with gratifying responses. Our joint dances with Armbrae Academy and the Sacred Heart school have seen large turnouts. In addition, many students can now be seen sporting their new HGS jackets. Other activities such as a great lecture series, winter carnival, luncheons and the council's support of a foster child have been all contributed to the atmosphere here at HGS. On behalf of the council I would like to thank all of the staff and students that have helped us this year and especially our staff advisor, Miss Meehan.

Paul Basket  
President

# Grammarians



BACK ROW: David Keefe, Trevor Greenwood, Pathum Malaviarachchi, David Brooks.  
FRONT ROW: Anne Wylie Roberts, Bessy Nickalou, Tammy Attia.

When being asked to become editors of this year's Grammarians, we accepted with a certain degree of naivety not suspecting the hours of work our responsibilities entailed. The book is shipped off to Winnipeg in four parts for processing, each part due on a certain date. At each of these four deadlines there is a chaotic build up as we struggle to meet it.

Looking back at it though, we can say that it has been worth it. We have gained much experience in the past months and learned the importance of organization the hard way. We have also appreciated the achievements of Grammarians editors before us. The Grammarians is the effort of many and we would like to thank the rest of our staff:

**BUSINESS EDITORS:** David Keefe  
Bessy Nickalou

**PHOTOGRAPHERS:** Tammy Attia  
Anne Wylie Roberts  
Miss Silver

**COPY EDITORS:** Ben Pearre  
Rushmi Malaviarachchi

We would also like to thank all the teachers for their understanding and generosity, Martha Lawrence, Ray Burke (Herff-Jones representative) and of course Dr. Chapman for her invaluable guidance.

Pathum Malaviarachchi  
Trevor Greenwood  
Editors

# Debating



Craig Cartmill, Tina Piper, Mary Kate Arnold, James Liston, Martha Casey, Natalie Vladi, Lizzie Oore, Emma Penick, Ms. Sinclair.

ABSENT: Stephen O'Dor, Alex Wilson, Irene Zouros, Adrian Newumann, Alice MacLauchlin, Liza Piper.

The debating club has continued to be successful throughout the year. We have participated in several tournaments. In September, two of our debaters: Tina Piper and Natalie Vladi placed second and third in the Nova Scotia Debating Society Impromptu Championships. A student-parent debate was held at Open House. It was close, but I think we would have to say the parents won. In January the debating society took part in the invitational tournament at Saint Mary's University. We debated censorship's effects on junior high school students and there was also an impromptu debate about parental testing. Our team did well and Mary-Kate Arnold placed second overall. The club has hosted various schools in the community to debate at our school. The debating society went to Toronto in February to participate in the World Affairs Conference on the role of activism in the nineties. We also went to the Junior Debating Tournament in April which was hosted by King's-Edgehill School. The club has expanded to include members from grades seven through twelve. The debating society has had a great year and we are confident that next year will be even better.

M. Sinclair

# Prep Drama



# Amnesty International



BACK ROW: Mrs. Aterman, Tammy Attia, Stacy Godsoe, Leslie Jackson, Kate Grindley, Trisha Joyce.  
FRONT ROW: Emmy Choi, Kirsten Flinn, Bessy Nickalou, Maggie Arnold.

The Amnesty International H.G.S. group, which is affiliated with the Youth Campus Network of A.I. (Canada) meets regularly - usually twice a month to write letters on behalf of prisoners of conscience, appeals on behalf of "disappeared" persons and victims of torture. We also circulate petitions protesting human rights abuses. Supporters come from both Junior and Senior High grades and, in addition to letter-writing, raise funds to cover postage - which is an increasingly onerous cost. We are planning an Art sale in April to raise funds.

R. Aterman

# Math Club



Upper Math

Dr. Keliher, Tony Widjaya, Andrew Sacamano, Jonathan Chung, Emmy Choi.  
ABSENT: Dr. Lau.



Lower Math

BACK ROW: Emmy Choi, Andrew Sacamano.  
MIDDLE: Laura Grey, Jessica Burnstein, Jenifer Wheatley, Ashleigh Seaman, Sarah Blatch, Lauren Abrahams, Tammar Attschuler.  
FRONT: Kenny Tam, Jonathan Zhuang, Tressa LeBlanc, Alexa Smith, Lizzie Dodds.

Upper School

A small and devoted band of the Upper School have been exploring the depth of math competition. The weekly meetings with Dr. Lou, who comes from Dalhousie, have been a great success. We will continue to find the simplest ways to solve problems into the third term, preparing for the Euclid contest, and Canadian Math Olympiad.

Andrew Sacamano

Prep School

The Prep math club's success took us all completely by surprise. The enthusiasm of the various Prep 4 & 5 students has kept the club alive and active with a fresh and energetic perspective on recreational mathematics. The only problem has been finding fuel - problems, cookies and juice to feed their curiosity.

Andrew Sacamano

# Science Club



Bradley MacCullum, Martha Lawrence, Mr. Hunter, Jennifer Bryant, Jennifer Aldrich, Emmy Choi.

The Science Club has had an exciting and eventful year. Meeting each Thursday the members have spent many hours exploring the scientific world in ways that can not be covered within class schedules. Urged on by Martha Lawrence to experiment farther and farther the science club reached explosive and dizzying levels of confusion. Fortunately, we benefitted from the steady hands of Jenny Aldrich and Brad McCallum who maintained a calming influence when all seemed nearly lost. This was particularly important during preparations for the display and demonstration of the volcanoes we had built.

In addition to the regular laboratory experiments and exercises we embarked on a number of field trips this year. We visited Mount Saint Vincent University for their Science Department's Open House, the Bedford Environmental Institute, and Dalhousie University. Each trip was educational in many sense, from the "outdoor lab" to the careful "directions" procured by various members of the group the science club learned a great deal about the natural and the human world. We are looking forward to an even more eventful next year with the return of many members.

Mr. Hunter

# Choirs



Junior Choir

BACK ROW: Lauren Abrahams, Laura Grey, Ashleigh Seaman, Joanne Coxon, Jennifer Grey, Meg Pooley, James Barry, Robin MacLachlan.

FRONT ROW: Tamar Altschuler, Jennifer Wheatley, Fiona Liston, Kenzy McDonald, Charlotte Osler, Anne Finlayson.



Senior Choir

BACK ROW: Jennifer Franklin, Alex Wilson, Eriskay Liston, Kerry Kindred, Christina Lee, Tina Piper.

MIDDLE: Jennifer Hinnell, Sarah Fentress, Neety Singh, Hannah Blades, Lisa Piper.

FRONT: Janet Cooper, Claire Hinnell, Kate Perry, Julie Chamagne, Alice MacLachlan.



The junior & senior choirs had a most enjoyable time singing music from the Baroque to Gospel, from Britten to the "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy". Highlights were a tumultuous reception at Talent Night & our annual trip to Toronto, culminating in a massed choir performance at Roy Thomson Hall.

J.P. Ellis

# Assistant Secretaries



BACK ROW: Edward McKeever, Amanda Barney, Vanessa Hayward, Bethany Lander, Laura Godsoe, Sara Bercholz.  
FRONT ROW: Alicia Miller, Erica Wilson.



# Fencing Club



This was a very special year for the club as three of our members qualified for the Provincial Canada Winter Games Squad. As I write they are battling away for the honour of the province. This shows that the club is continuing to produce high calibre fencers, as it has always done. Hopefully, in another four years, some of our aspiring young beginners will be able to represent their province at the next Winter Games.

Sadly, this is the last year that our coach, Mrs. Scobbie, will be with us. The success of the club is totally due to her efforts. She has always emphasized having a proper attitude toward the sport, and provided her students with a solid grounding of the basics. I am afraid that no words can truly express her contribution to fencing and our thanks for her timeless generosity.

Aramis, Athos and Portos  
The Three Musketeers



# Skating





A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a striped shirt, standing in a hallway. The hallway has framed pictures on the wall. The text 'Art & Literature' is overlaid on the left side of the image.

# Art & Literature

# Prep 3, 4, & 5

## PENCILS

Pencils are thin,  
Pencils are small,  
Pencils can be a pain in a shopping mall,  
If they are small,  
they can hit a wall,  
in a shopping mall.

But if they bounce like a ball,  
They can fit through a wall,  
or something in the shopping mall.

As the ball bounces back home,  
It lands in the quick sand,  
and hears a band marching by ...

Laura Gray

Prep Four



## HALIFAX 1991

Darkness.  
Total darkness.  
Nothing but a few objects floating,  
Floating, nothing more.  
Few survivors,  
Very grey and weary survivors,  
That and nothing more.  
I say nothing more.  
Halifax, gone.  
Celebration, total unhappiness  
Nothing left.  
I repeat NOTHING.

Lauren Abrahams  
Prep Four

## WAR

War is frightening for all the people who live in the community where it is happening.

To take our soldiers to the brink of death is not a joke.

Saddam Hussien has no right to do what he is doing, to invade a country that God gave to other folk.

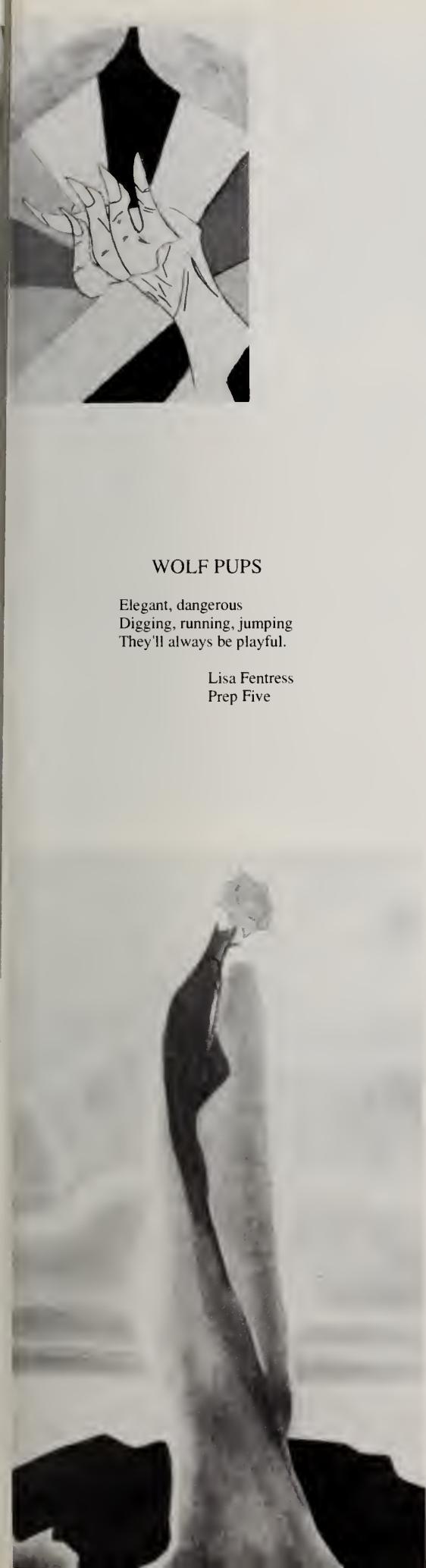
Guns blast on open targets in the city.

Men and women fighting for their lives believing they are serving their country, for a cause, be it truth, or lies.

We pray that they shall come back to their families and remember the war, and hope it never happens again.

Mark Henders  
Prep Six





## A GREAT CHRISTMAS IDEA

What could we do for Christmas this year,  
To give us that extra special cheer?

Everyone thought of things to do,  
I said, "I would like to see Lu".

Lu is one cousin the other we would see,  
Thanks to the idea suggested by me.

So to England it was, off we flew,  
To a land which to us was definitely not new.

When we arrived we knew it would be good,  
Because Auntie Sue had baked Christmas pud!

We each got lots of fine presents,  
But really it was made by our families' presence!

## WOLF PUPS

Elegant, dangerous  
Digging, running, jumping  
They'll always be playful.

Lisa Fentress  
Prep Five

Bethany Lander

## MY BRO ...

My baby brother Jonathan  
Is sort of chubby for his size.  
He sleeps, he eats, he even burps  
And he also laughs and cries.

Even though he's toothless and bald,  
And sorta' fat, and kinda' short,  
No matter what, to me he'll be,  
The very cutest sort!

Daniel Oore  
Prep Six

## LIFE

If life is but a dream,  
Why won't it end?  
If life is hell,  
Why are we alive?  
What is life?  
Is it real?  
What causes life?  
Will we ever know?  
Will there be a cure for deaths?  
Maybe no one will ever know.

Joseph Rosenberg  
Prep Six

## ICICLES

Water dripping from a frozen gutter

Stiffens

In a blast of wintry air

Frozen

Two drops more fluid then the first, join their icy friend ...

Suspended

An invitation for other drops to join them

Gathered

To make a lethal dagger, the perfect weapon that disappears leaving only a watery trail.

Mark Henderson  
Prep Six



## THE END AND THE BEGINNING

In the air lurks darkness spreading its wings,  
Readyng for the trans-world voyage to concur,  
All of the happiness put into the day,  
Drowning Light and drowsing humanity;  
Across the world doing its duty for the Lord,  
Who is entitled Night, casting its spell on the beings,  
drowning Light and drowsing humanity;  
Alas, there lies the dying King Morning,  
For he has been defeated by Night as,  
Morning's once powerful brightness disappears,  
Under the earth seeking power and refuge in the neutral ground,  
While the Darkness continues,  
Drowning Light and drowsing humanity;  
Night laughs as he presumes that morning is gone forever,  
But little does he know that Morning still has,  
A single glowing ember and defeat thrusts life to the ember,  
Until it blazes into flame,  
And Morning rises once more and forms a disparagement,  
Against Night and because of night's fatigue,  
Morning still blazes on and,  
No longer does light drown or humanity drowse.

By Rushmi Malaviarachchi  
Prep Six



## THE WIND

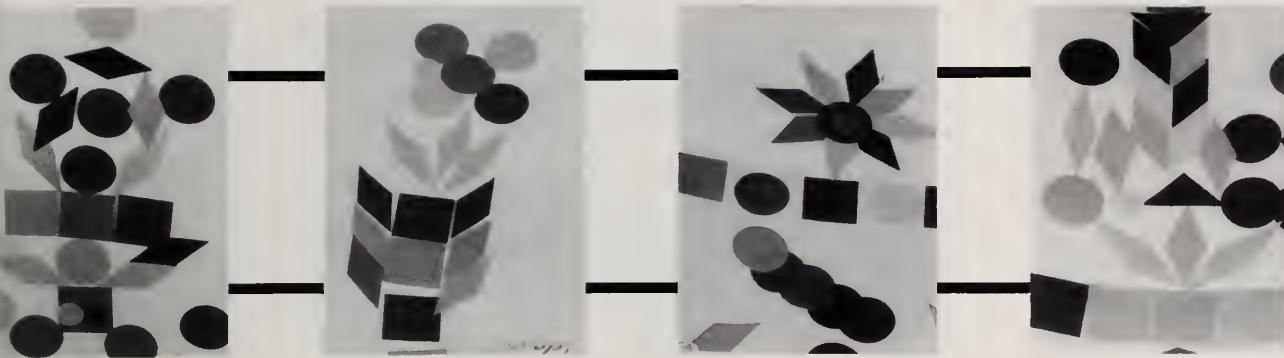
The wind is a ghost  
Crawling through the trees  
Laughing at the leaves.

Fiona Liston  
Prep Five

## WINTER

As the cool breeze passes  
It stops and collapses under my feet  
Winter is approaching.

Charlotte Osler  
Prep Five



### THE CREATURE DREAM

You are standing in the dark. You hear it, the noise of the creature.  
 You race forward to see it,  
 You see nothing,  
 But its shadow - it is long but jolly,  
 It has wings and a horn on its nose,  
 You can hear it,  
 It sounds like snoring but he is not asleep,  
 He LOOKS at you!  
 You see him,  
 He chases you,  
 And you trip.  
 You find yourself asleep on you bed.

Ashley Seaman  
 Prep Four

I had been on Black Bear Island for one rise of the sun, and it was hard to believe that only yesterday I was deserted.

It was a very stormy day and the fierce waves were lapping over our small canoe. My family and I were heading to my relatives to attend my brother's wedding. We had been paddling for three hours straight and my arms were very tired. Mom and Dad were also paddling and the canoe was travelling fast against the wind. I was very hungry and I reached for the fine reed basket where the smoked eel was kept. It was then that I heard a terrifying crack and saw my Father and beloved Mother disappear under the waves ...

-Excerpt from "Mic-Mac"  
 Prep Five

### WAR

The cocks cry sorrow  
 The dove struggles to be free  
 War is here once again.

Fiona Liston  
 Prep Five

### FRIDAY

Wonderful Friday  
 The night we always long for  
 Week's end, happy thoughts.

John Beauchamp  
 Prep Five

# Upper 1 and 2

## On My Own

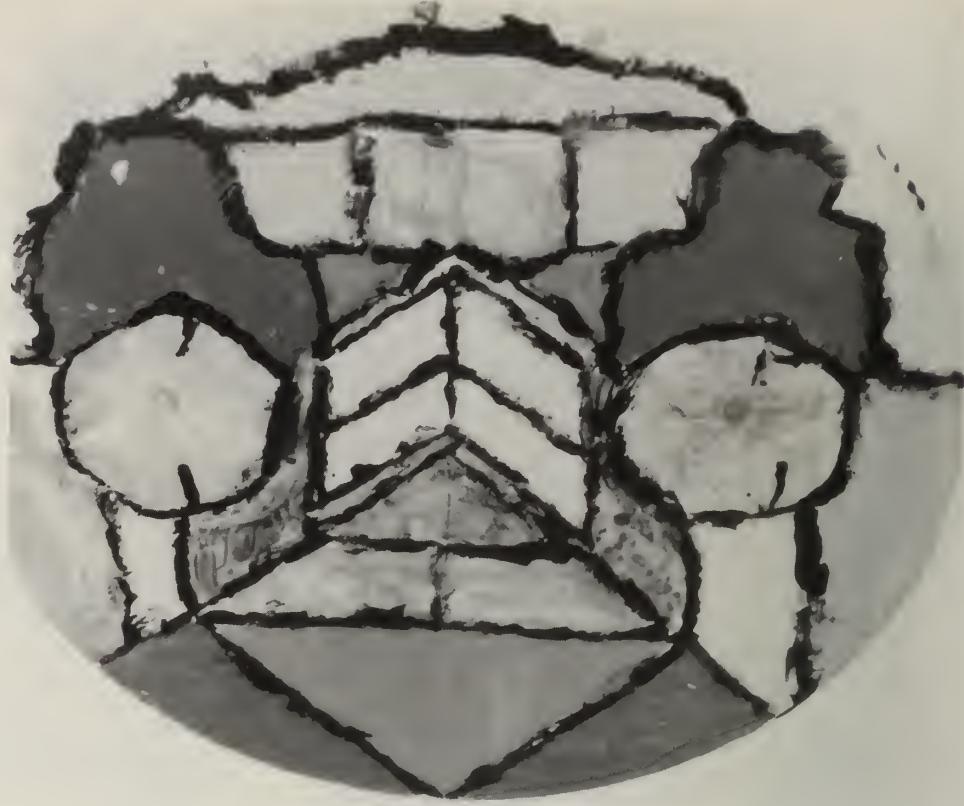
One minute she was there,  
Tall, smiling, full of grace.  
A kiss, a wave and she was gone,  
A ache filled my heart.

Silently I screamed,  
I wept without sound.  
I tried to call her back,  
But no sound came.

Just ten feet away:  
Around the corner.  
A barrier prevented us  
From being together.

I'm in a crowd of people,  
Yet I'm all alone.  
I must go onwards,  
Without her, on my own.

Alice MacLachlan  
Upper One



## At Rest

It lies  
At rest  
At best  
Summoned by peace  
Never to rise again  
It's spirit alone  
With nature  
It's soul carried up  
Floating towards the sky  
Intwined with the scent of flowers  
Now it is the skull that lies alone  
Left to admire  
Left to remember.

Sarah Fentress  
Upper One

## Sitting on the Dock

We walked down the dock,  
In our blankets so warm.  
Which we sat down upon,  
As we watch the stars that were in a swarm.

Everyone came to see the stars,  
With us on the dock.  
They wanted to watch them,  
Before ten o'clock.

We stayed out until our teacher came,  
And said it was time to go in.  
We all left to go to our tents to sleep.  
And to let the morning begin.

Jennifer Bryant  
Upper One

## The Magic Paintbrush

Shooting star  
Very bright  
Painting the sky  
A Silvery white.

Julie Chamagne  
Upper One



## The Game of Life

The pieces move in different ways  
And each make different plays  
The players study the board hard  
And with each good move a piece they discard  
The pieces almost seem alive  
And while they're playing it thrives  
But when it's over it's like they die.

Craig Silverman  
Upper Two

# Upper 1 and 2

## ROVER

Playful and gay  
Full of pleasure and joy,  
Dozed in his own house  
Chewed on a toy.

Was always obedient  
Would never disagree,  
Was the perfect companion  
For one who couldn't see.

Was a born leader  
Always in step,  
Usually went for bones  
Rather than Pep.

But as he grew old  
He lost all his skill,  
And couldn't guide anymore  
For he got very ill.

Why his owners paid for his recovery  
He never will know,  
Perhaps it was out of gratefulness  
For all the years he had to tow,  
Around his blind friend  
Who never had a fear,  
When he knew that  
Good old Rover was near.

Now he is ragged and old  
And knows that he will die,  
He has not a care in the world  
Except for those flies.

Mete Erdogen  
Upper Two

## WINNING

I can express my hatred  
I can beat you with my fists  
I can shower your country with bullets  
After creeping in through the mists

But would that accomplish anything?  
To kill your next of kin?  
After all my time and effort,  
Would it be me that would really win?

There is a place for war and killing  
For me that place is in the past  
We all have to fight our battles  
Let's make it so no one finishes last.

Alana Tervo  
Upper Two

## Death is ...

Death is hard to except  
Death is Gods will  
Death is what war brings  
Death is part of life.

Jennifer DeGrasse  
Upper Two

## War

In war, you have to deal with deaths,  
That is what you get paid for.  
But when a close friend gets killed by your side,  
No amount of money is worth fighting in a war.

Matthew Brooks  
Upper Two



## THE NIGHT

It was dark as night and we were cold.  
The stars were out and we were bold.  
We watched the blazing fire roar.  
Some of our friends started to snore.  
From inside the tent some shadows appeared.  
We didn't know what they were but they were kind of weird.  
The next morning when we awoke.  
Unfortunately we smelled of smoke.  
There and then it was over.  
We left for home in a rover.



Iain Finlayson  
Upper One

## Hope for Peace

I ran home from school  
Bursting with news  
I went to my Mother  
But she said not a word

She stared at the T.V.  
It showed people killing  
And being killed, just for  
A war that was raging

I felt rather guilty  
For being so happy while people were killed  
But somehow I knew that joy is the hope  
For ending these terrible wars

Alice MacLachlan  
Upper One

## Street People

The rich ones give them money  
or something to them that is real  
but the poor ones share emotions  
because they know what they feel.

Jennifer Aldrich  
Upper One



## Tents

Tents, tents  
Everywhere around,  
Being put up,  
Being taken down.

Laughs and cries,  
Screams and giggles,  
Come from inside.

Being collapsed,  
Put back up,  
Later rolled to pack up.

Tents, tents  
Everywhere around

Aylin Alemdar  
Upper One



# Upper 3 and 4

## The Fish

This is a story all  
All about how  
My life got turned  
Upside down.

When I woke up  
I was sittin' in bed  
Sipping my coffee  
And fellin' quite dead.

As I remember  
the story was this  
I sittin' on the dock  
Just looking for fish.

When suddenly  
to my utter surprise  
I looked into the water  
And saw ten beady eyes.

As I thought to myself  
What a strange little fish  
It jumped up and hooked me by the wrist.

As I plunged to the water  
I thought just this  
I am a dead man  
Killed by a fish.

This ends the story  
All about how  
A fish turned my life  
Upside down.

Harold Roscoe  
Upper Three



**SNOW**  
The snow comes down so clean and white  
But that is just a start.  
A poem on its settling  
Leaves out the bestest part

It falls on hills, it falls on dales  
It falls all about.  
(Unless you live in ol' N.S.,  
If so, you do without)

Now if the snow decides to come  
To the extent it grounds the planes,  
We all jump school and grab our gear  
And head for the mountains.

Insert quote: "Skiing is the most pointless sport there is, you get dragged up the hill and then you fall back down it again".

G. Gray

To the top of the head, to the top of the wall  
Now dash away, flee away, ski away all  
We now all see the greater importance of snow  
That's what can be done on it as you all know.

The liquid flowing movement  
So smooth and so precise  
As we come racing down the hill  
Does no good at all because we totally lose all control and  
wind up sprawled all over the slope with a pole or a ski or  
something equally important fifty feet up the slope, when we hit  
a patch of ice.

The edge, the carve, the flow, the speed  
A sport, or more an art  
Combined make such a feeling, that  
One never wants to part.

Since humble words can not describe  
The way that one begins to feel  
When shredding down a powder slope  
I'll leave you with two words; it's real.

Nat Pearre  
Upper Three



## Friends

Friends are very special people  
They are someone you can open up to,  
Friends are helping and caring,  
They are people who would give help to you.

Friends are very important,  
They are people you need  
Without friends I don't know what would happen,  
Without a friend, I would never succeed.

Friends, are the greatest gifts in life,  
Friends are people that really care,  
Friends are people you can count on,  
If a friend needed me, I would be right there.

Carolyn Siauw  
Upper Four



# Upper 3 and 4

## The Innocent Caught

Innocent people  
lie in pools of their own blood  
just outside bomb shelters,  
missing safety and life only by inches.

Everyone loses  
No one is immune to the hardships  
Signs of death and suffering are everywhere,  
but still the fighting goes on.

Both sides are stubborn  
No one will give in  
for those with lives at risk  
who have been demanded and driven to fight.

When one side has overpowered  
the sights are astonishing, damage everywhere  
so much lost, nothing gained  
Was it really worth it?

Jennifer Hinnell  
Upper Three

## The Cage

I'm looking in through the bars,  
Looking at the smiles on their faces.  
Why are they so happy?  
Don't they know they are in a cage?  
Don't they know they have built it for themselves?  
Am why am I so sad?  
I am free, so why do I want to be in their cage?  
Like a bee to pollen,  
We are all drawn to it,  
And we come, innocently into the cage.

Mary-Kate Arnold  
Upper Three

Sitting in my chair  
I feel the first light  
wash over me  
me  
like a tide  
swamping me  
in its embrace  
refreshing me  
with its newness

And as I sit  
undulating in the waves  
I feel  
as a flower  
surrendering my  
soul  
to the purity  
of the  
light

Tina Piper  
Upper Three



## War

All the bloodshed,  
All the anger,  
combined in one.  
All the weapons,  
All the missiles,  
When will silence come?  
All the fires,  
All the bombs,  
Just for fun?  
All the wounded,  
All the dead,  
And still no one has won.

Lesley Jackson  
Upper Four

## THE LADY AT CITY HALL

The old lady sat  
Alone  
On the cold cement stairs of  
City Hall.  
Not bothering with the passers-by,  
Just sitting, feeding the  
Pigeons.

She was ancient, her skin folded, and her hands wrinkled.  
Her face was pale, seemingly lifeless, but  
Her eyes were alive with hope and vigour.

And there she sat, day by day,  
Feeding the pigeons.  
Not concerned with the bustle of the city's life,  
Just contented and in peace of mind.

But one day, I did not see the old figure.  
Who tossed bread out of her thin fingers:  
I saw nobody, nothing ... nothing but hungry pigeons,  
Who looked desperately for their benefactor.

I enquired as to her whereabouts,  
"Dead" a man told me.  
He told me quite frankly, the way a man who does not care  
Tells a person who might,  
With the same amount of sympathy as a doctor tells  
A family of an unsuccessful surgery;  
With very little.  
These people don't really care.  
I didn't even know her name;  
Just another name in the obituaries.

Karim Mukida  
Upper Four

## THE LION

We watch you, O lion, we watch you  
As you stalk proudly around your cage  
We believe that you are grateful when  
You roar to express your rage  
But the look in your sad eyes tells us  
Of a life in another land  
Where all God's animals roam free of fear  
Of the savage human hand  
Only you know what existence is like  
In this cruel animal jail  
You remember your far off Africa  
With sunny plain and shady vale  
And as we move on, you pace dejectedly  
Sweeping the flies from your face  
You were once the king of the jungle, but now  
Serve merely to amuse the human race.

David McFarlane  
Upper Four

# Upper 3 and 4

## OF A MAN AND A RIVER

John Koevers had been moving since dawn, his legs were stiff and his feet were swollen. His light blue cotton shirt was almost transparent with perspiration and several of his buttons were missing. The green sweater he had tied round his middle was now almost black with hardened mud. His khaki shorts were torn on one pocket and were discolored with sweat and filth. On his left leg two long scratches ran up from his knee to his thigh and dry blood had crusted in those areas. His boots were scratched and on one the steel of the toe showed through the torn leather; both were almost covered in caked dirt. He rested where he had crawled out of the bush, then he pulled himself forward. At last he was in an area of country he recognized. He was almost home; on the other side of the river he knew there was a path that would take him right to his door. All he had to do now was cross the final obstacle, the Macleod River.

The great river roared by, as it had done for eons. It had run through the same valley it now ran through for thousands of years, longer than even the oldest legends could remember. It was fed by the water logged marshes and billabongs that lay to the south, hundreds of miles up stream, and also by the many other rivers and streams that merged with it along its long and twisting journey. About thirty miles down stream the river got wider and joined the Indian Ocean in a wide estuary. During the dry season the river is shrivelled and constricted to a tiny capillary running through an empty bed. But during the wet, with rainfall totaling over a foot a month, the river could become gargantuan. It would overflow its high banks and could move faster than a freight train in places. And in this particular season the river was especially bloated.

John crawled towards the river and almost cried with joy. He stuck his face in the cool waters and drank deeply. He cooled himself with the refreshing liquid and drank until he could drink no more. He removed his filthy boots and socks and immersed his swollen feet in the running river. The water eased his aches and pains and healed his feet. He splashed water on his injured leg and washed clean the shallow wound. The river washed away the dirt and with it his fears and anxieties, like some magic nepenthe. He brushed the hardened crust of dirt off his boots and socks. He untied his sweater and removed the mud from it also. Then he lay back in the long grass with his feet in the water and prayed thanks to God. A little while later he sat up and looked into the water of the river. How clear and passive it looked, almost friendly. He listened to it as it bubbled along, comforting him with its gentle voice. John lay back again listening to the river and watching the clouds move across the deep blue sky.

The river flowed on into the afternoon. Logs and large seeds were swept down stream at a tremendous pace, to bump up against the shore down stream to take root or germinate. Fish and aquatic insects swam up and

down resting in shallow pools by the river's edge. The river was teeming with life, like a highway of nature. The water flowed quickly over the rocks on the river bed, worn smooth by time and slippery with algae. It flowed by the banks making them smooth and high, with a few roots and tufts of grass to intercept the regularity. A few jagged rocks stuck out of the water in the middle of the river, forming knifelike islands, splitting the river evenly in two, as well as anything else that bumped against them. Between some rocks small whirlpools had formed, spinning around bits of debris when it flowed near one. As time went on the river didn't rest or let up its constant motion for a second.

When John woke up from his short snooze it was getting late and the sun was low in the sky. He decided that it was time he got home. He stood up and picked up his boots. He walked further up stream to find a place where the river was shallower and would be easier to cross. He walked for about fifteen minutes before he came to a widening in the river. At the deepest part it looked like it wouldn't come up past his waist, and the flow wasn't nearly as strong as it was down stream. He held a boot in each arm and stepped towards the bank. The river looked different now, dark and bumpy, not reflecting the sun's light anymore. It sounded different also, not bubbling but roaring loudly. The water was not as warm as it was before either, and John felt a chill as he stepped into the knee deep water. At first he took quick steps, but then when he got further out into the stream he began moving more cautiously. The smooth rocks on the bottom were slippery and offered no grip to his bare feet. He was almost one third of the way across the river when one of his feet slipped off the side of a rock and slid between two rocks. He toppled backwards, dropping both boots in the water. He regained his balance in time to grab one boot and hold on to it. He stood hunched over in the river where he was, his ankle was sprained, one boot was gone, the other was wet. He cursed at the loss of his boot and at the pain in his ankle. Standing up straight he threw the remaining boot hard, hoping that it would reach the far bank. It sailed through the air and landed safely in the bush on the other side. Next he moved his foot from between the rocks and continued on, facing up stream. The flow was stronger now and he found it harder to walk but he struggled on. Again he lost his balance and had to put out his hand to stop him from getting wet. He was just about half way when he lost his balance for the third time. His feet slid out from under him and he landed painfully on his back. The force of the river pushed him down stream several yards, his back scraped along the river bed before he dug his hands under a rock and stopped himself. Turning over on all fours he tried to stand up again but again he was pushed down stream, this time on his front. And again he had to stop himself with his hands. This time he successfully stood up. His back was now scraped and bleeding, his blue shirt was ripped and clung to him in its wetness. His knees had also had a bad scrape and they stung painfully.

He staggered toward the bank now only about seven yards away. He continued walking along, the river be-

came deeper, but he still went on, though not smiling anymore. He was now only four yards away from his goal, the water almost came up to his waist and the current was strong. He was moving very slowly now, and was leaning far forward in his struggle to counteract the force of the moving water. He was within three yards of the bank when a large log came suddenly racing down stream to where he stood. He stood there petrified for a second or two as the log drew closer. At the last moment he made a flying leap for the bank. He was almost clear but the front of the log caught him in the leg. Pain shot up and down his leg as he grasped for the edge of the bank. He hand closed around a tuft of grass and for a second he was safe as he pulled himself towards the bank, but then in a cursed moment the grass broke away from the bank and he was swept down stream after the log. He bumped and scraped against rocks and the stony side of the bank. He was spun round and sucked under as he groped for a hand hold. Part of his shirt snagged on a branch that was under water, and he was pinned under water for a few seconds by the swift current of the river. Then his shirt ripped off his back and he was again spinning towards his death down stream. As he twisted and turned in the eddies he stretched out his arms in an effort to reach the bank that was so close. And then, with a stroke of luck, his hand touched a piece of root that protruded from the side of the bank and he held on to it. The river pushed him to the side of the bank and he reached above him, his hand felt the top of the bank and he dragged his limp body away from the jaws of the river. He flung himself onto the dry land and he lay there, coughing up the water that he had swallowed. His shirt, sweater and boots were gone. One leg was almost immobile. His entire body was covered with scratches and bruises, he ached all over, but at least he had defeated the great river. Now, safe from the hungry mouth of nature, a champion of a hopeless battle, he rested. He lay there for a little while longer in his crippled stage, thinking of his accomplishment, then he dragged himself to his feet and staggered along the path in the falling light.

All this time the river flowed, endlessly to the sea, unhindered by the struggle that it had competed in, oblivious of the great battle it had just lost.

James Liston  
Upper Four



# Upper 3 and 4

## THE TWO-FACED WAR

One face shows all glory  
The fighter-plane attacks,

The military sacks,  
The effectiveness of new guns,  
The destruction of enemy runs,  
Not an entire detail gory:

This portrayal of war,  
With all of its glory and splendor,  
Is the Government's key endeavor,  
For they hope that within all the psyche and hype,  
You will think that this action is right,  
And has no other consequence than what is reported.

But in war there is another side,  
One that we surely must not hide,  
But in fact we almost without knowing it do.  
Day and night with: TV analysis of all sorts,  
And the Pentagon's reports,  
The military and media are a dangerous propaganda force.

The second face of war shows all anguish  
The killings of small children.  
The presence of virus syndrome,  
Families torn apart in packs,  
The fear of missile attacks,  
These things must not be forgotten.

War apparently fought for no reason than other,  
The abolishment of a fellow sister or brother,  
It makes no sense that we should try,  
To make those in conflict with us die.  
Why must we live through all the pain and horror,  
For who is it that really wins a war?

Ata Erdogan  
Upper Three

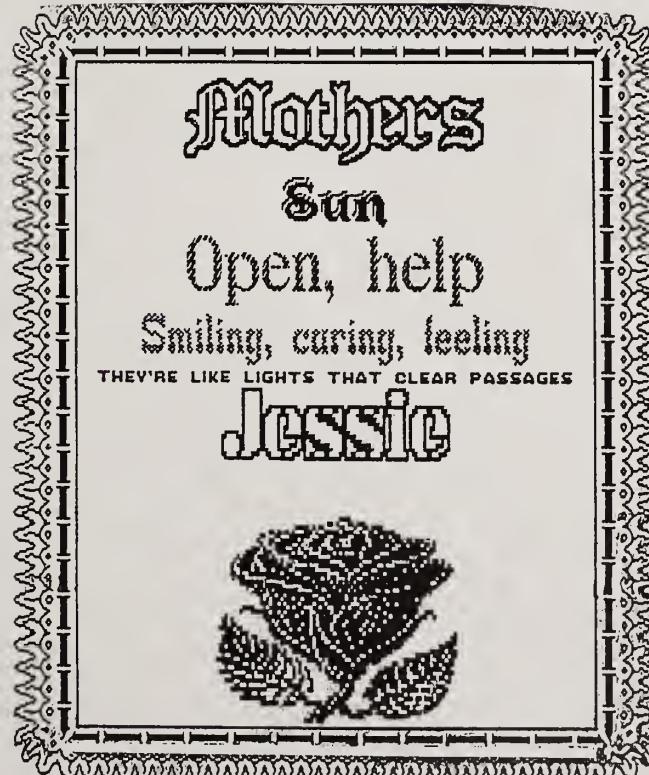
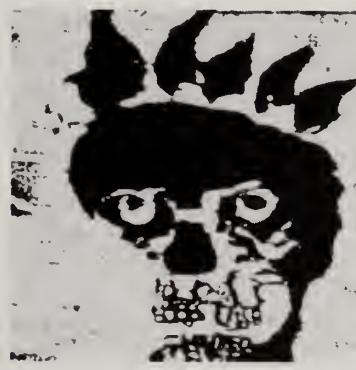


Young and innocent  
living for each day  
leaving me alone.

Rebel without a cause  
untouchable  
sadness clouded me.

Beautiful and precious  
death touched him  
if only it touched me.

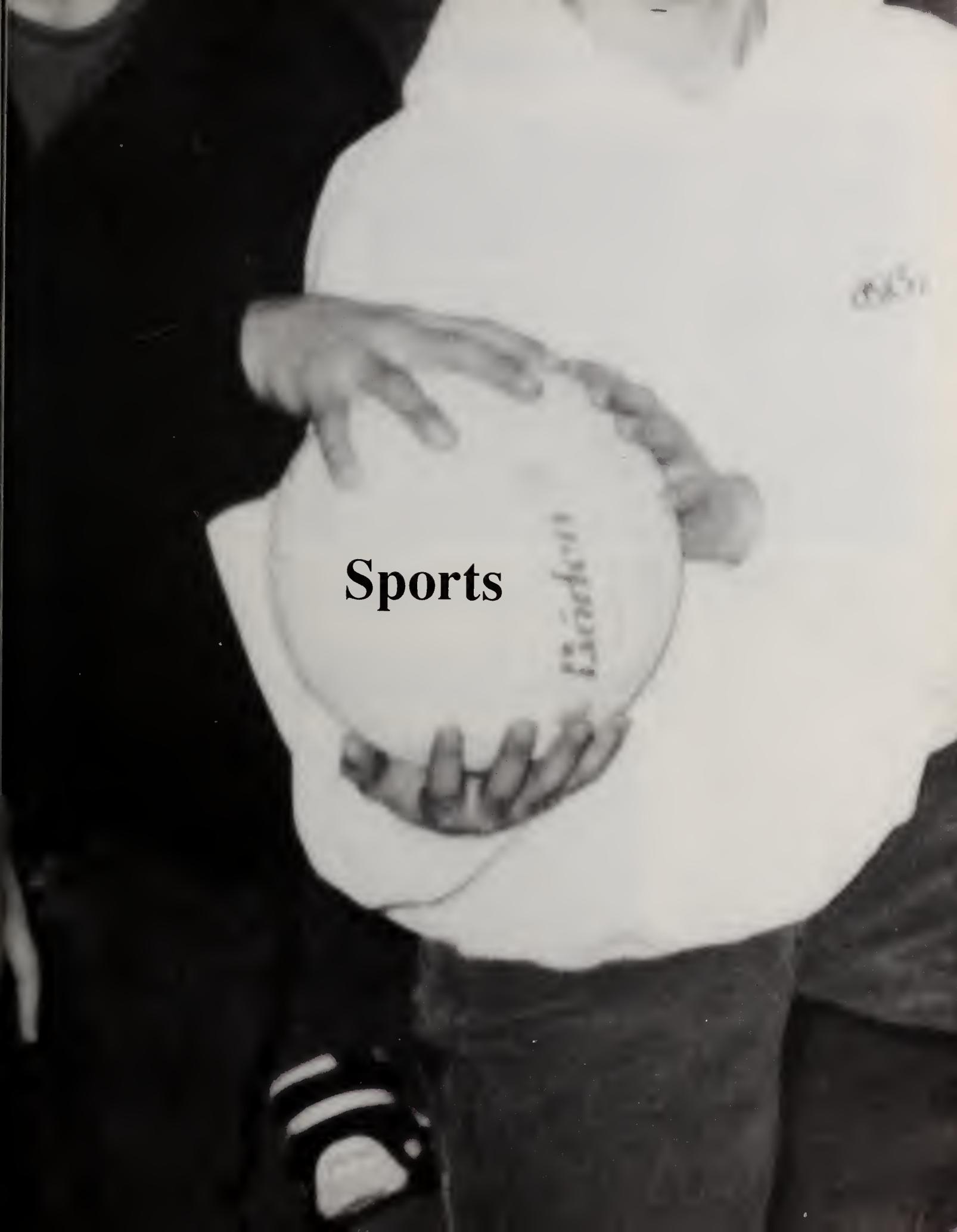
Bessy Nikolaou  
Upper Four



Martin Ma  
Upper Four

When we first dedicated the 1991 yearbook, we were not aware that another one of our school's finest teachers was also leaving next year. Frau VonMatzahn has taught many HGS students German for many years. Frau VonMatzahn always seems to have a smile on her face, and we know she will be missed greatly. Thank you for all the time and effort you put into the school and in teaching German.





# Sports

SACRED

# House Teams



BACK ROW: Sarah Baxter, Paul Simms, Maggie Arnold, Ashton Horne, Craig Cartmill.  
FRONT ROW: Kevin Moore, Laura Godsoe.

## Junior Boys' Soccer



The U123 Boys' Soccer Team finished the year in strong fashion as they successfully repeated as the Maritime Association of Independent School's (M.A.I.S.) soccer champions. The boys also had a solid 3rd place finish in the Halifax City Junior High 'A' league.

Outstanding performances from Nat Pearre, Harold Roscoe, Giles Oland, and Ata Erdogen.

BACK ROW: Stuart McCrae, Andrew Barker, Ata Erdogen, Harold Roscoe, Nat Pearre.  
FRONT ROW: Craig Silverman, Mete Erdogen, William Landymore, Chris Coxon, Ryan Blades.  
ABSENT: Iain Finlayson, Peter Brannon, Andrew Mcfarlane, Giles Oland, Noel Belcourt, Mark Terrio Cameron.

# Junior Girls' Soccer

U123 Girls' Soccer Team had a successful season in the City 'A' League. They participated in the M.A.I.S. soccer tournament at Kings-Edgehill, losing 2-1 to Kings-Edgehill in penalty kicks. Outstanding performances by Jennifer Hinnell and Christina Lee.



BACK ROW: Anne Totten, Kerry Kindred, Jenny Aldrich, Jen Franklin, Janet Cooper, Emma Penick, Molly Grindley, Christina Lee, Hannah Blades, Eriskay Liston.

MIDDLE ROW: Jennifer Hinnell, Lizzie Oore, Martha Casey, Jessica Paterson.

FRONT ROW: Lisa Piper, Claire Hinnell, Jennifer DeGrasse, Julie Henderson.

# Under-13 Soccer



BACK ROW: Billy Nikolaou, Peter Brannon, Ryan Blades, Adrian Neumann, Robbie Cameron, Chris Coxon, Iain Finlayson.

FRONT ROW: Peter Lawrence, Tom Champagne, Matthew Brannon, Daniel Franklin, Ed McKeever, John Beauchamp, Mark Henderson, Josh Ewing.

The Under-13 Boys' Soccer Tournament was hosted this year, by St. John's Ravenscourt from Winnipeg. Our school was represented by a young team, fielding (10) returnee's for the following year.

Surprisingly, however, this youthful side managed to produce a record which could be matched by no other Grammar school team in the history of the tournament.

The boys managed a (3) win, (3) loss, and (2) tie record, which resulted in a shared championship in the Consolation Round, with Silivyn House.

Top performances came from Iain Finlayson, Chris Coxon, Peter Brannon, and Peter Lawrence.

# Senior Boys' Soccer



BACK ROW: David Mcfarlane, David Keefe, Brent MacDonald, Trevor Greenwood, Adrian Cameron.

FRONT ROW: Graham Aldrich, Paul Baskett, Craig Cartmill.

ABSENT: Sean Kirby, Ata Erdogen, Giles Oland, Nat Pearre, David Finlayson.

The U4, 5, 6 Boys' Soccer Team once again proved to be a force as they competed against Metro Triple A schools in exhibition contests.

Our team was led predominantly by grade 10 students who definitely made their mark on teams in the area. Top performances came from Brent MacDonald, David Mcfarlane, Graham Aldrich, David Keefe, and Paul Baskett.

# Senior Girls' Soccer



The U4, 5, 6 Girls' Soccer Team had a short exhibition season against Sacred Heart school. The girls' had great fun, and I hope to see them all out again next year.

BACK ROW: Sarah Baxter, Tricia Joyce, Kate Grindley, Leslie Jackson, Renee Foy, Stacey Godsoe.

FRONT ROW: Julia Carroll, Carolyn Siaw, Kirsten Flinn, Bessy Nikolaou, Ashton Horne.

# Junior Boys' Volleyball



The U1, 2, 3 Boys' Volleyball Team Secured a solid 2nd place finish in the Halifax City 'B' league. The boys lost in the semi-finals after sporting a (7) win and (2) loss record. The boys also managed to repeat as M.A.I.S. champions.

Top hitters were Ata Erdogen, Jamie Stoltz, and Nat Pearre while the setting responsibilities went to Andrew Mcfarlane and Andrew Barker.

BACK ROW: Andrew Mcfarlane, Andrew Barker, Ata Erdogen, Nat Pearre, David Pink.  
FRONT ROW: Craig Silverman, Mete Erdogen, William Landymore, Ryan Blades.  
ABSENT: Jamie Stoltz, Peter Brannon.

# Junior Girls' Volleyball



The U1, 2, 3 Girls' Volleyball Team was coached by Adrienne LeBlanc this year. The team improved steadily throughout the season, playing in the City 'B' Volleyball League. Miss Meehan looks for bigger and better results from returning players next season.

BACK ROW: Jessica Paterson, Kerry Kindred, Janet Cooper, Jennifer Franklin, Molly Grindley, Christina Lee, Eriskay Liston.

FRONT ROW: Kate Perry, Claire Hinnell, Julie Henderson.

# Senior Girls' Volleyball



BACK ROW: Sarah Baxter, Tricia Joyce, Carolyn Siaw, Renee Foy, Stacey Godsoe.  
FRONT ROW: Kate Grindley, Julia Carroll, Bessy Nikolaou, Ashton Horne.  
ABSENT: Jane Gould.

The U4, 5, 6 Girls' Volleyball Team had a very busy season this year. The competition was very close between Armbrae, Sacred Heart and HGS. HGS edged Armbrae out of regionals by a very slim margin. HGS hosted regionals and placed 4th. Super season for Upper 6's Jane Gould, Renee Foy, Ashton Horne, Sarah Baxter and Julie Carroll. We'll miss you next year!

# Senior Boys' Volleyball



The U4, 5, 6 Boys' Volleyball team had a short exhibition season. The boys were victorious in our M.A.I.S. Tournament led by the hitting of David Keefe and David Mcfarlane. Paul Baskett provided our team with the setting needed to make use of our solid hitting.

BACK ROW: David Keefe, Brent MacDonald, Joachim Steffan, Adrian Cameron.  
FRONT ROW: David Mcfarlane, Paul Baskett, Trevor Greenwood.  
ABSENT: James Liston.

# Bantam Girls' Basketball



Bantam Girls' Basketball (Under 13) had a very successful season in the Minor League. They placed 3rd in the regular season but lost to Bedford Eagles in the first round of play-offs. Noteable performances by Claire Hinnell and Julie Henderson (in top 5 scorers of league) and Jennifer DeGrasse and Liza Piper. Great season girls!

BACK ROW: Jennifer Gray, Liza Piper, Jennifer DeGrasse, Amanda Barney, Jennifer Digby.  
MIDDLE ROW: Claire Hinnell, Joanne Coxon, Julie Henderson, Meredith Murphy.  
FRONT ROW: Lisa Fentress, Jennifer Oliver, Kenzie McDonald.

# Bantam Boys' Basketball



The Bantam Boys' Team finished 1st over-all in the Halifax Minor Basketball 'B' league. Due to a scheduling conflict, the boys lost by default in the City playoff final. A make-up game with the 2 finalists will be scheduled at a later date. The boys will also participate in the Bantam provincial tournament April 12th and 13th, in Truro (Cobequid Educational Centre).

Outstanding performances from seniors Iain Finlayson, Ryan Blades, and Daniel Franklin led the way. First year players Ed McKeever, Chris Coxon and Peter Lawrence also had a major impact on the team's success.

BACK ROW: Zavin Nazretian, Peter Hunter, Ed McKeever, Ryan Blades, Daniel Franklin.  
MIDDLE ROW: Matthew Brannon, Kevin Moore, Mark Henderson, Peter Lawrence.  
FRONT ROW: Iain Finlayson, Chris Coxon.

# Mini Basketball



BACK ROW: Fiona Liston, Geoff Williams, Matthew Brannon, Robert Paterson, Jamie Reid, Dan Roscoe, Tom Champagne.

MIDDLE ROW: Nicholas Woolnough, Anna Finlayson, Josh Ewing, Toby Stoltz, Tom Brooks.

FRONT ROW: Robin MacLachlan, Lewis Wolff, James Wolff, Billy Mastrapas, Mike DeGrasse.

The Mini Basketball (Under 11) Team had a very solid season in the Halifax Minor Basketball League, placing 4th in regular season play. We lost to Westend Steelers in the first round of the play-offs but will compete in the Provincials in April.

Outstanding season for Danny Roscoe, Joshua Ewing, Geoffrey Gardner, Thomas Chamange and Toby Stoltz. Great job, guys!

# Midget Boys' Basketball



The Midget Boys' Team began the year in the Halifax City Minor Basketball 'B' league. They were promoted to the 'A' league at the mid-point of the season. Facing outstanding competition the boys managed a respectable record over-all.

Top performances came from Andrew Mcfarlane, Giles Oland and Ata Erdogen.

BACK ROW: Craig Silverman, Andrew Mcfarlane, Ata Erdogen, Willie Grover, Harold Roscoe.  
MIDDLE ROW: Andrew Barker, Mete Erdogen, David Pink, Peter Lawrence.  
FRONT ROW: Ryan Blades, Daniel Franklin, William Landymore.

# Junior Girls' Basketball

U1, 2, 3 Girls' Basketball Team had an outstanding team this year. Led by Jennifer Hinnell and Jessica Paterson the girls lost only one game all through regular season play in the Junior High 'B' Girls League. However, in the Quarter Finals the girls lost to St. Stephens in a very exciting 40-38 game at their school. It was an exciting end to a very well played season. Good luck to Jennifer Hinnell, Jessica Paterson, and Jessica Linzey next year. Hope to see you all out for the U456 Girls team.



BACK ROW: Janet Cooper, Jen Franklin, Eriskay Liston, Kerry Kindred, Catherine McDougall, Irene Zorous.

FRONT ROW: Claire Hinnell, Jen Hinnell, Emma Penick, Jessica Paterson, Julie Henderson.  
ABSENT: Jessica Linzey, Jennifer DeGrasse.

# Junior Boys' Basketball



BACK ROW: Craig Silverman, Andrew Mcfarlane, Ata Erdogen, Willie Grover, Harold Roscoe.

MIDDLE ROW: Andrew Barker, Mete Erdogen, David Pink, Peter Lawrence.

FRONT ROW: Ryan Blades, Daniel Franklin, William Landymore.

The U123 Boys' Basketball Team finished 5th in the Halifax City 'B' league. They were edged out of a playoff position despite completing the year with a winning record (5 wins and 4 losses).

Outstanding performances came from Ata Erdogen, Harold Roscoe and Giles Oland.

# Senior Girls' Basketball



BACK ROW: Julia Carroll, Heather MacKenzie, Renee Foy.  
FRONT ROW: Carolyn Siaw, Kirsten Flinn.

The U456 Girls' Basketball Team centered around a small group of U456 Girls and some very enthusiastic Upper 2's and 3's. They participated in an exhibition season with Armbrae and a very powerful Sacred Heart team and finished with a 2-2 record. Memorable performances by Jane Gould in her final HGS game, scoring 31 pts. versus Armbrae. Great season for Kirsten "Swish" Flinn, Renee "Dish Off" Foy, Julia "Hack" Carroll, Carolyn "Dribble and Drive" Siaw, and Heather "Which Way" MacKenzie. It was a lot of fun girls!

# Senior Boys' Basketball



The U456 Boys' Basketball Team competed in a number of exhibition games this season. They managed a competitive record despite their youthful appearance.

Outstanding performances came from David Mcfarlane, David Keefe, and Brent McDonald. Paul Baskett is our only graduating senior - thanks Paul for your leadership!

BACK ROW: David Mcfarlane, Brent MacDonald, David Keefe, Adrian Cameron, Graham Aldrich.  
FRONT ROW: David Finlayson, Paul Baskett, Karim Mukhida.

# Under-14 Boys' Basketball

The U-14 Boys' Basketball Team participated in Ashbury College's Centennial Year Tournament in Ottawa. Our team managed to win 1 out of 4 contests against some outstanding competition.

Giles Oland was selected to the tournament all-star team. Mete Erdogan's efforts were also recognized.



# Junior Cross-Country Team



BACK ROW: Lisa Piper, Claire Hinnell, Jennifer DeGrasse, Julie Henderson.

U123 Cross-Country Team - This year was our first entry into the City Championships. Five people entered the race for HGS in the Under 14 category Noel Belcourt, Jennifer DeGrasse, Claire Hinnell, Julie Henderson, and Liza Piper. Jennifer DeGrasse placed a strong 8th and Noel Belcourt stole the race, placing 1st in the Under 14 Boys division. Due to an oversight, Noel missed the Regional championship. We have no doubt that Noel would have placed in the top three there as well. Congratulations to the whole team!

# Prep Running Team



BACK ROW: Marc Beauchamp, Anthony Abato, Kathryn Franklin, Jeremy Ewing, James Gregor.

MIDDLE ROW: Michelle McCrea, Tressa LeBlanc, Lizzie Dodds, Craig Oliver, Michael Smith, Kenny Tam, Charlie Underwood, Darah Gaum.

FIRST ROW: Ashleigh McKenna, Emily Ramaruskas, Alexa Green.



# Special Events

# Drama

This year the Drama Society chose J.M. Barrie's modern fantasy The Admirable Crichton for its major production. Under the direction of Mrs. Nancy Meinertzhagen it played to enthusiastic audiences in the school's auditorium on February 28th and March 1st and 2nd.

Paul Baskett U6 took the part of the admirable Crichton, butler to the Earl of Loam, played by Nat Pearre U3. The role of Lady Jane was played by Sarah Baxter U6, who bravely filled in when Jane Gould U6 lost her voice three days before opening night! Anne Wylie Roberts U5 appeared as Tweeny, a lady's maid.

Other roles were taken by Julia Carroll and Renée Foy of U6 as Lady Catherine and Lady Agatha, and James Liston and Craig Cartmill of U4 as Lord Brocklehurst and the Reverend Traherne, a sporting parson. A number of other students also appeared in various guises.

While shipwrecked -- during a yachting cruise -- on a desert island, Crichton imperceptibly takes command by his resourcefulness and wins the attention and love of the ladies. However, a ship sighted in the offing signals a return to civilization and all revert to their former positions.

The fine set was designed and produced by Maggie Arnold, U6 and Miss Silver. As well, many students assisted backstage and in various capacities.

A unique feature of HGS drama productions is the original entr'actes. This year's featured island dancers, choreographed by Prep III teacher Mrs. Buley.

Not content to rest on its laurels, the Drama Society will be taking a one-act play to the Nova Scotia High School Drama League Festival in late spring, when interested students will be able to participate in a variety of workshops.

Many thanks from all of us to the students and Mrs. Meinertzhagen for the long hours of rehearsal and preparation leading up to the magical moment when the curtain rises. We look forward now to next year.

A. von Maltzahn





# Winter Carnival



# Talent Night





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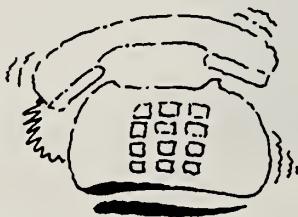
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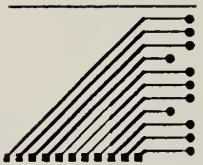
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**Vice-President: David Keefe**

**Treasurer: Julia Carroll**

**Secretary: Bessy Nikolaou**

**CLASS REPRESENTATIVES:**

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**U5-Adrian Cameron**

**U4-Kirsten Flinn**

**U3-Jessica Linzey**

**U2-Ben Alexander**

**U1-Adrian Neumann**

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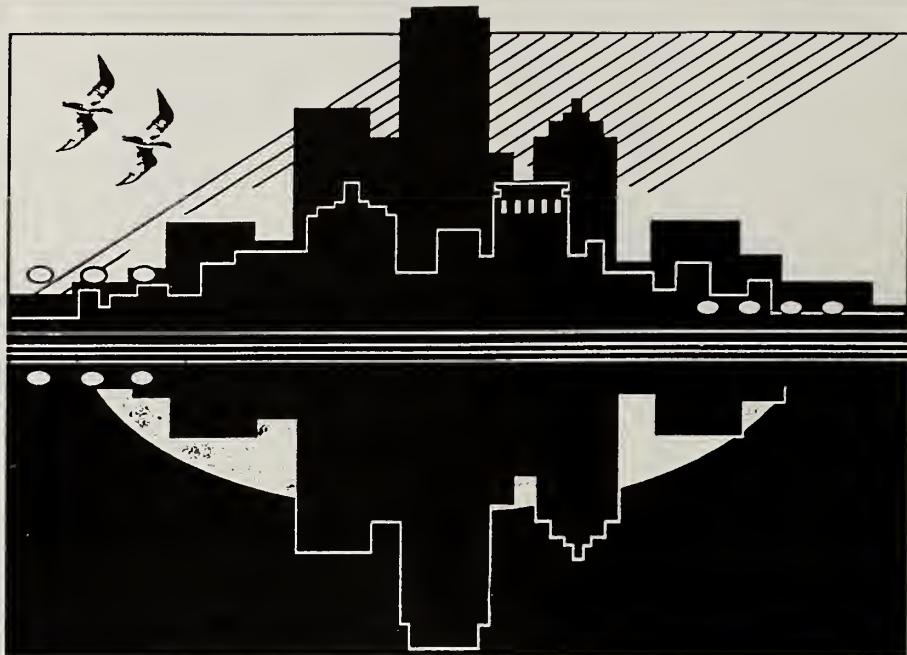
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